









THE TIMES AND THE MEN.

A SERMON.

Preached September 18th, 1859, by SAMUEL JOHNSON, Minister of the Free Church at Lynn, Mass.

(Continued from fourth page.)

What, then, shall be said of these retrograde steps and places, so manifest of late among those who have stood forth as representatives of Liberal Christianity—these who recoil into absolute hierarchies and dying traditions—these backward clutches at some old principle of Authority which the world is leaving behind? This surely is to be said of all who are in this condition of mental and spiritual alarm, or whatever else it may be called. If they cannot stand in the foreground, they must go to the background. If they cannot move with the age, and trust its aspirations as the leaders of that Providence which lets not the steps of Humanity falter nor turn back, then they must cut themselves off from the age, and go apart, and dwell in the pleasant old dreams of mystics and of monks. They must denounce its Rationalism, as if the Ecclesiastical or Bibliolatrial to which they are tending were any better, and turn away their eyes from beholding that manly and reasonable worship in which Rationalism is the necessary way. They must satisfy their own needs, in their own method; but they radically mistake the age, and it will not bear their complaints, or hear them but to pity. But when the delusion is carried to that pitch, that one of these retrograde fancies the age shares his language and his fears, distrusts its own tendencies, and is preparing to turn back in its path, and flee with him into the ancient folds of Authority, and hide its head in a 'symbolic, mystic, ritualized church-organization,' in which Individualism has been unknown, and Rationalism impossible by the very principles on which it is constructed, and the 'exclusively religious function, distinctly separated from science and art and culture, and social progress, shall alone be exercised and pursued'—when this vision haunts the brain of a leader of Liberal Christianity, one hardly knows whether to wonder at the extravagance, or to smile at the simplicity of it. And yet this is precisely what Dr. Bellows has seriously proposed as a solution of the perplexities of this age. His Discourse before the Unitarian clergy at Cambridge is noticeable as representing more ably and fully than any other statement emanating from that body, the substantial truth of many of its leading minds. It is worth your attention for a moment, as a remarkable confession of unfaithfulness, as a still more remarkable inference as to the condition and wants of the community. See, he says in substance, how weary the age is of Individualism! It has exhausted the powers of self-assertion and self-culture. We Unitarians have carried the dangerous experiment farther, led it to its ultimate, and we are grown 'very weary'; we are in a 'Suspense of Faith,' and do not know, at last, even what to believe. We trust our leaders, and find that they have 'lost faith in themselves.' They are 'puzzled with doubts,' and 'smitten with indifference,' and 'leave the rank and file to blunder on, and find out the truth for themselves.' ('We have achieved our freedom, and know not what to do with it.' We have discovered the 'absence of any more road in the direction we have been going.' Plainly there is nothing for us but to renounce our Individualism. Plainly we are experiencing the profound necessity of utter self-abnegation before the supernatural Christ and the 'supernatural Church.' Plainly the whole age is longing in its despair for a new Catholic Ecclesiastical Organization, where there shall be no more of these bewildering doubts, where a divine Authority shall sit enthroned, not indeed in a Pope, but in a mystic Hierarchical Institution, through which alone God shall speak to the Human Race. Let us then set about inaugurating it in such ways as we can find. Let it be first of all affirmed that since Revelation of the Holy Spirit cannot come to Individuals, nor to Societies as such, but through the Church only, so this new Church, that it may be the special channel of the Holy Spirit, shall be a 'separate interest,' aloof from all secular things. Let it put symbols instead of science, and a ritual instead of the preaching of social reforms. Let 'science and social progress have other protectors.' Let its teachings be purely 'religious,' and 'let all attempts to rationalize them be resisted.' And for a creed, the Athanasian or Nicene would answer well enough, if you rightly understood it. Enough that it stands based on the 'supernatural Christ.' For here is the one thing needful, and a Church which should seek any other foundation would break with History, and be null. In such an authoritative Church, the world is longing to find rest. We will call it the Broad Church, and we will open the cathedra of its faith by denying its fellowship to the 'gifted heresiarch' of Boston, and to all who, like him, 'willfully cut themselves off from the body of Christ.' It is hard to believe all this to be seriously spoken; yet I have not misstated its substance. You see it is only a very old story put into new words. It explains itself; and the people never understood so well as they do at this day what it has always meant. I wish the worst thing in this piece of idle dreaming was that blindness to the essential tendencies of the age, which I have brought it forward to illustrate. The disparagement of the practical duties of the reformatory movements, this 'willful' attempt to 'cut them off from the body' of religion, and to relieve the Church from its moral responsibilities, this cool assumption, in such a quarter, of the authority to consign a man like Theodore Parker to outer darkness in the name of Christianity—deserves severe criticism; and it is sad to see upon it. It sadly violates all the good things scattered through the discourse, and forbids you to give high meanings to the well-considered words which plead for more religious life in the churches. I pass it by. I am concerned only to ask, what conception have such thinkers of the age they live in, or the processes going on around them? To imagine that an age in which there is not yet a single sect that dares to encourage free inquiry, and in which a man who has succeeded in delivering himself from associative drill is a phenomenon of special interest, is an age which has exhausted the powers of individual self-assertion! And on the other hand, to imagine that an age is turning back from the path of Individualism, which everywhere indicates such aspiration towards it, which disintegrates every artificial organization, and which has such representatives of independent thought and position, as the men we have been taking note of to-day! To pretend that God makes no revelations of His spirit to individuals outside an organized visible Church, in face of such facts as our New England 'heresiarchs,' and hundreds of earnest laborers in the untroubled paths of social reform! To suppose that the times are hastening into Hierarchies and Ecclesiasticalisms, and will consent to forego the right to inquire into the authority so quietly assumed for an official and supernatural Church—while they are heaving and fermenting with intellectual and spiritual protest, and every scholar knows that the whole ground of the New Testament evidences for such a Christ is shaking under his feet! And Unitarianism, it seems, has probed to its ultimates, and found wanting, a Rationalism which has never got so far as to confess, or to treat otherwise than with report in its action as a sect!—Doubtless Unitarianism is 'very weary' of the life it has been leading. Doubtless it is in a 'Suspense of Faith.' For fidelity and faith are correlative. He who saved the world in a napkin was not profited. He who doth but the will, shall not know the doctrine. They who halt between fear and opportunity—between the sea of study and the shore of blind belief—who have professedly never ventured heartily to accept the God of Immanence, the men who doubt 'paralyze,' and who have 'lost faith in themselves'—where should they be?

but in a 'Suspense of Faith'? Do they imagine others have found no foothold in the waters of Progress, because they have not dared to go out further? Shall we admit their claim to measure the duration of the day of 'transcendental' philosophy and piety by their experience of its light, and to affirm weariness of Individualism in the world's name,—they whose spokesman himself has never ventured to leave their ranks, nor to approach the side of the men who do represent Individualism in its noblest form?

And finally, how curious are these aims of philosophy breadth, these admonitions against breaking the continuity of historical development by setting aside the traditional mediator and official head of the Church, on the part of those who believe that 'the Bible summed up all other sacred books, and dismissed them from duty'? How much broader that philosophy of providential guidance which the 'heresiarchs' might teach them, and which finds undying eyes in every holy book or creed wherein is transmitted: one account of the Holy Ghost!

But one final word of explanation. The source of these delusions about the age, of these retrograde tendencies, whereof we have seen so many instances in the Unitarian body especially, of the weariness and the mysticism and the ecclesiasticalism, in part also of the lapses into Calvinism and Swedenborgianism, and all the other recollections of the old supernaturalist systems, of whatever sort, is not far to seek. We must not omit to recognize whatever in them is due to real individual needs to the consciousness of a lack of the religious sentiment and its outward accessories in Protestant worship, and to the natural longing for religious unity. But when we have made all right allowance for these creditable causes, you will still find in the result a very large element, which is due to the absence of genuine trust in the capabilities of the people. Unitarianism has fallen into weariness and suspense, and the consequences thereof, because it has not trusted the public capacity; because it itself thought froze in its brain, instead of forcing itself with warm glad message into the popular heart; because it was undemocratic, and thought the people were there, that they might be protected from too much and too rapid knowledge of theological good and evil, that they might be fed cautiously and sparingly—not that they might think the vital movements of the Human Soul, and by full sharing of their highest belief, quickened them to perpetual progress. How plainly this tells the story!—We have achieved our freedom, and know not what to do with it! Surely not, if it was only won for ourselves. What a confession is this for the followers of Channing!—Our leaders are smitten with indifference, and leave the rank and file to blunder on, and find out the truth for themselves! To men dealing thus with their opportunities and their attainments, well may 'an absence of any more road' be revealed! There are noble men among the Unitarians, men I honor;—and I do not love to think of them as willing members of a sect of which I believe all these confessions of Dr. Bellows are true, nor indeed of any sect. But of the leaders of Unitarianism generally, I believe it may be said, that while their intellectual sight has grown larger, it has but made them more conscious of the great gulf their unbelieving reserve has been opening between them and the people, until this has become alarming. Of such a state of mind, these visionary ecclesiasticalisms are a natural product. They are protective schemes, devised to fill the chasm, yet in the old trustless, despairing way; to keep the people safe under the familiar wing of tradition, while the need which more educated minds experience of pursuing their speculative inquiries is satisfied, without recognition of the corresponding duty of open avowal and consequent conflict for the truth; schemes by which the whole purpose of the Church shall be so turned from a practical and progressive, into a ritualistic and sentimental direction, that without mutual interference, the scholar may be gratified in his desire to think, and the people in their necessity to believe. The creed and the symbols are not always destined for him who proposes them. The chances are that he means them for the masses. If the projected anti-rationalistic formularies and liturgies are ever brought to pass, there will be novel meanings given them in the confessions of their disciples. It will be a new day for the Nicene creed when it finds itself stretched to cover modern doubts of the genuineness of the Gospel of John. In Unitarianism, as in the Church of England, I believe there is to be found not a little of the policy I have described; and wherever it exists, it is bringing them nearer to each other, placing them upon essentially similar ground. But how utterly it mistakes the American people, and in what entire failure it must end, I need not further suggest.

Nor is there need of entering more fully, at this time, into the relation of the retrograde tendencies in question to unbelief in the capacities of the people, and indifference to their moral improvement and progress. All the current supernaturalism, denying, as it does, the Divine Immanence in the common spiritual nature, is largely dependent upon such unbelief; and, surely, to such indifference we must trace the unworthy endeavor to separate the Church from its legitimate function of moral and social reform.

Of that other element in these tendencies, the longing for more of the Religious Sentiment and its outward accessories, for the recognition of the religious uses of art, and historic association, and all-embracing unity, I would speak with respect. For the need is only too apparent. Let there be all endeavor to supply the lack. But let us not hear of an artificial unity, constructed for these purposes out of theological assumptions which can no longer be accepted by the freedom of the age, and out of the rites, symbols and associations which have significance only from these assumptions. The Church of the Future cannot possibly be built with doors so low and narrow that none can enter who refuse to bow at the name of a supernatural Christ, or who seek to bring in with them the practical liberties and the humane enterprises, and the whole reformatory work of the day. The Church that would be separate from this, setting aside work in the name of worship, is an idle pique and anticlimactic mockery, which cannot be endured by God or man. Its new moods and solemn fasts are hateful. Its 'spiritual vigilance committee' is an impertinence and a nuisance.

Nor can Church Unity or Church ritual be brought ready-made to the age by theorists, weary or unwary, and fastened upon it like a preacher's robe. Our forms must grow out of our needs, and, when these speak, they will not call us to cumber ourselves with dead traditions. The Temple and its service will rise in the spontaneous outpouring of the people's prayer and love. It is for us to help these into life and expression in all brotherly and devout ways, wisely reading the signs of the times, and trusting, above all, the Divine Instinct which leads Humanity forever onwards.

SALEM STREET CHURCH, AGAIN.

WORCESTER, Oct. 3, 1859.

EDITOR OF THE LIBERATOR.—At the regular monthly business meeting of Salem Street Church, on Friday evening last, Mr. Sprague moved, in accordance with notice previously given, that the next meeting be held on the first Saturday of next month, (coming in regular order on the first Saturday of next month) be omitted. This motion, after an earnest and interesting discussion, was carried by vote of 14 to 11. And now this Church waits to learn the action of the Board of Foreign Missions at its Annual Meeting at Philadelphia this week, to know its duty as to future contributions.

After the above was carried, the redoubtable Charles White moved that those members who desired on the next Saturday to contribute to the Board, be allowed to hand their contributions to the Treasurer of the Church! Pending the consideration of this motion, the meeting by vote of 11 to 10 voted to adjourn. And thus the matter stands at last advice. J. A. H.

THE TROJAN HORSE.

The statue of Mr. Webster is likely to prove a Trojan horse to those who voted in favor of placing it on the State House grounds, and they may well exclaim, in the language of Virgil, 'Times Danaos et dona ferentes.' Shortly after the death of Mr. Webster, two several attempts were made, in two successive Legislatures, to appropriate a sum of money for the purchase of his statue, to be placed in the State House or on its grounds. Both of these attempts failed. But the personal adherents of Mr. Webster, who importuned the Legislature to adopt this course at that time, were not in that way to be baffled in the fulfillment of their wishes. They forthwith opened a subscription paper among themselves to procure the sum requisite for the purpose, and when the statue was in this way paid for, they applied to the Legislature for leave to place it on the State House grounds, which application was, very unusually for the Republican party, granted; for by so doing, they have thrown the apple of discord among themselves, which will be likely to prove a serious injury to the party in this State. As a mere matter of policy, setting aside all considerations of justice and public morals, it was a very short-sighted and unfortunate move on their part, for they will lose infinitely more than they will gain by it. All they can expect to gain from it is the accession of a few Whigs from that defunct party, while they will lose the confidence and support of very many of their own party. Perhaps the Greeks who made them this present of the Trojan horse foresee such a result from it, and their wishes are likely to be gratified. HECTOR.

REMOVAL OF THE STATUE.

Let those persons to whom the petitions for the removal of the statue of Daniel Webster from the State House grounds have been sent, and others also, endeavor to obtain as many signatures to them as possible, and then let those persons who sign them attend the primary meetings for the nomination of State officers, and use all their exertions and influence to prevent the nomination of any one who will not pledge himself, if elected, to vote for the removal of the statue. Let them also attend the polls on the day of election, constitute themselves a rallying committee and vote distributors, and endeavor by every means in their power to effect the election of persons thus pledged. The number of petitioners will probably be very large; and if in every town they take these measures, there can hardly be a doubt that a large majority of the next Legislature may be elected in both branches, who will be in favor of the removal, and vote accordingly. And Massachusetts will thus be enabled to wipe out the foul blot that now mars her escutcheon, and stand forth the uncompromising vindicator of her own glorious revolutionary fame. The statue will then no longer be suffered to pollute the soil consecrated to freedom, good morals, and true patriotism, but be banished to another and more congenial spot. MASSACHUSETTS.

RECENT EVENTS IN BOSTON.

My experience as a conductor on the Underground Railroad is eminently calculated to deepen a detestation of the Fugitive Slave Law, and to invoke confusion upon its authors, aiders and abettors. Some of the recent cases, occurring about the time of ex-President Pierce's visit to Boston and the inauguration of the statue of Daniel Webster, are thus invested with a significance more than ordinary. During the delivery of Franklin Pierce's speech at the Tremont House, a voice was heard from the opposite sidewalk exclaiming, 'Fugitive Slave Law!' Some one in the crowd, not relishing this exhibition of free speech, with a characteristic mingling of oaths and epithets, commanded him to 'shut up.' The only effect it produced (if, indeed, it produced any at all) was to cause the same words—'Fugitive Slave Law'—to be repeated at intervals, and once it seemed that the expected notice of the expression, or its results among the crowd, for he laid a special emphasis upon the citizen's duty 'to obey the fundamental law of the land, in all its parts.' At the time, my curiosity was excited to learn who this man was who 'spoke right out in meeting,' and perhaps it never would have been revealed to me but for a fugitive slave case occurring within forty-eight hours after, when we met for vigilance service, and a chance conversation made known the facts.

This fugitive case was the one recently mentioned in the papers, and from information just obtained, it appears that the friends of humanity were just in time to save the man. Both the slaveholders' party and our own were telegraphing at one time from Boston, and both parties boarded the steamer at early daylight, in another city, the one in search of property, the other for a man. Suffice it to say, that the God of freedom defeated the former, and blessed the efforts of the latter to the salvation of one man from the hell of American slavery.

On the 19th, while a number of friends were discussing the effects of the recent inauguration in reviewing Fugitive Slave Law operations, a man was suddenly introduced, who had just escaped from a plantation in Mississippi, having made before seven unsuccessful attempts to secure his freedom. His body was literally covered with marks of the whip and branding-iron; but, thank God, he is now out of the reach of his brutal self-styled owner.

Who knows how soon the zeal of Northern Union-savers may circumscribe the efforts of those who would save a man, and we shall have upon us another Anthony Burns excitement? Is it not a logical inference from the idolatrous exhibition of this inauguration of Daniel Webster's statue, that the conviction will fasten itself afresh upon many in the community, that if Everett, the eulogist of Webster, volunteers to 'shoulder his musket' to put down an attempt of the slaves to secure freedom by insurrection, and the statue of Webster is elevated as an example to the rising generation, they will endeavor, as a patriotic and Christian duty, to 'conquer their prejudices,' and return the benediction 'with alacrity'? Why may we not reasonably expect a revival of slave-hunting in Boston and throughout New England?

There is a retribution in store for this supremely wicked nation, which cannot be averted by laudatory speeches or brazen monuments. W. C. N.

LETTER FROM MISS HOLLEY.

ELSTPORT, (Me.) Sept. 26, 1859.

DEAR MR. MAY: There is joy in my heart over the hour that ushered in to Washington county, Maine. Every step of our way has been made light and joyous by the most exquisite friendships and charming hospitality. At Essex, Gouldsboro', Cherryfield, Machias, East Machias, Dennysville, Pembroke, Perry and Eastport, with Calais, &c. in prospect, we find anti-slavery walking in silver slippers.

If we had journeyed to this East land of lovely sea-shore views and delicious breezes, merely for the sake of health and pleasure, we should be very glad; but now these are enhanced a hundred fold by the love and zeal we discover here for our noble anti-slavery cause, and our gratitude and delight are unbounded.

At Machias we were favored to stay with Mr. and Mrs. George F. Talbot, whose liberal courtesy we owe much every way, especially for an introduction to a wide circle of appreciative and influential friends, who have greatly aided our success.

In the pleasant little village of Dennysville we passed two or three felicitous days with the accomplished families of Theodore Lincoln, Esq. and his brothers. It will always be a happiness to remember their generous sympathy. Like true gentlemen, these did not seem to have any interests that override human liberty.

Now we are spending three delightful days here

in the attractive home of Rev. George Richardson. Sunday evening, I spoke to an audience of several hundred, and speak again Tuesday. Rev. Mr. Edes has just called. I could not forbear sending you these few words. Miss P. will write in detail for the Liberator. In the last fortnight, I have received a dozen subscribers for the Standard.

In haste, SALLIE HOLLEY.

LECTURE OF MISS HOLLEY. Miss Holley, an agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, lectured in the Methodist church on Sunday evening last. Miss Holley has a full and distinct, yet womanly utterance, her manner is modest and unassuming, her language choice and appropriate. She is an effective speaker, as was evidenced by the close attention of the large audience from the beginning to the close of the lecture. The house was full in every part, and large numbers were unable to gain admittance to the church.

We cannot forbear expressing our satisfaction in knowing that there is one religious society in town, that does not consider an anti-slavery lecture a deprecation of the Sabbath, nor of its church, and that is not so fearful of offending some one as to close its doors to the cause of justice. In two respects the Methodist, as a religious sect, set an example worthy of imitation by other denominations. They preach the gospel to the poor; they are the pioneers in religious ministrations cheerfully submit to the privations, incident to newly settled countries, in order that the people may have the gospel preached to them; and they are always bold, unequivocal, in expressing their views on all moral questions which agitate the public mind.—Eastport Sentinel.

THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, lectured to a very crowded and interesting audience in the Methodist Church in this place on Friday evening last. Her manner of enunciation was distinct, impressive, and many of our people learned for the first time how well the clear and musical tones of a voice, fitted for the most difficult persuasion of eloquence. Her speech was admirable in its presentation of the great moral ideas of justice and equal rights to confront the impious claim which slavery sets up of ownership over man. The thrilling incidents which she enfolded in her arguments, and the finely recited poetical allusions with which she embellished it, held the attention of her audience who gave evidence of a wish to listen longer.—Machias Republican.

EDUCATION OF THE COLORED RACE.—There are at Chatham, in Canada West, and the immediate vicinity, a very large number of negroes, mostly escaped slaves. They are ignorant, yet susceptible of improvement. Their children are, unfortunately, growing up without educational facilities. There are but four small schools for a colored population of over twenty-three hundred, and only two of these receive any assistance from the government. A project has been on foot to erect a school edifice, furnish it, and establish a school for these colored children, which shall be adequate to the exigencies of the colored population of Chatham. It is an enterprise which appeals warmly to the sympathies of the friends of education, and an effort is now making in this country to secure the necessary funds. Mrs. A. S. Carry, an intelligent colored lady, a teacher in one of the schools at Chatham, and associate editor of the 'Provincial Freeman,' is in this city soliciting subscriptions for this purpose. She is recommended to our citizens by the Mayor of Chatham, and by the Surrogate of Kent County, C. W., and has other recommendations which give her a strong claim upon the confidence and assistance of our citizens. We trust her mission will be successful. She will call upon some of our public-spirited citizens who take an active interest in the cause of education.—Boston Journal.

WE fully endorse what the Journal says of Mrs. Carry and her mission, and heartily commend them to the liberality of the public.—[Ed. Lib.]

OUR House of Representatives has voted against making any distinction between blacks and whites in the militia service. It has done well. We are always glad to have colored men help us to fight, both ashore and on the sea. They have often done good service for the country, and been true to the flag. Many of the thought in the revolutionary armies, and some of our received principles. They helped defend Louisiana against the English, and were thanked therefor by Gen. Jackson. It was a negro soldier who, at New Orleans, shot the man who gave the first order against us in the war which that year began. We hope the measure will be perfected, merely as an act of justice.—Traveller.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW. The United States District Attorney has filed, with the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, the mandate of the United States Supreme Court reversing the decision of the State Court, in the matter of Sherman Booth, held for violation of the fugitive slave law, in the rescue of Glover. If the State Court obeys this mandate, Booth will be returned to the custody of the United States Marshal, from which he was discharged by the decision which has been reversed. If the Court does not obey this mandate, then it becomes the duty of the United States authorities to enforce it.

SAD CALAMITY.—The Main Street Canal Bridge, in Albion, New York, fell on Wednesday afternoon, last week, while covered with an immense crowd of people, who were attending the county fair. Eighteen dead bodies were taken out, and many more removed.

THE CITIZENS OF CHRIST CHURCH parish, near Charleston, S. C., have voted to have a grand slave-trade barbecue at that place on the 20th of October, at which all the prominent advocates of the re-opening in the State will be invited to attend. Slave trade barbecue at Christ Church!

THE ENOLA (Alabama) Spirit of the South states that a young man recently imported from the North, but of foreign birth, was rode out of town on a rail on Saturday night, on account of repeated expressions of abolition opinions indulged in, after being warned that a persistence in such conduct could not be tolerated.

THANKSGIVING. The Governor and Council of New Hampshire have appointed Thursday, Nov. 24, as Thanksgiving Day in that State.

ANTHONY BURNS, of fugitive slave notoriety, having been turned to the pasture of a colored Baptist church in Indianapolis, the democrats threaten if he comes, to enforce the infamous 'black law' upon him.

THE WEYMOUTH ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR WILL OPEN AT Mr. Wales's Hall, Weymouth Landing, on the afternoon of OCTOBER 25th.

(Hours of starting from the Old Colony depot, Boston, half-past 8 and half-past 2. Hours of return, half-past 10 and half-past 4.)

In the list of contributions, for many of which we are indebted to the kindness of friends in Worcester, Boston and elsewhere, especially in New York State, are a lot of gentlemen's buckskin and fur gloves, ladies' sleeves and collars, children's aprons, drawers, caps, toys. A few of the fine Weymouth crochets, capotes and basket-beds. A few splendid crochets, toilette and table covers, sofa and chair covers, glass preserve saucers to accompany a tea or dinner-service. Needle-books, mats, stands, wash-cases in variety too great to specify.

But above all the rest, is the rare occasion now offered to our friends for the timely selection of New Year's Presents for ornamenting the library, chamber or parlor, or enriching the portfolio, consisting of oil and water-color drawings, framed and ready to hang up, line-engravings, lithographs and mezzotints, not to be found in the print-shops—the works of distinguished English and French artists. The most judicious selection of these will amply repay the slight admission of 25 cents.

There will be a social tea-party on the evening of the 27th, and a social dancing party on the evening of the 28th, both to close at seasonable hours. Refreshments will be constantly provided for distant friends at all hours of the day to suit their convenience; and it is hoped that all who hate slavery, (and who in this neighborhood does not?) will take advantage of the pleasant autumn season, and come together from the Weymouth, from Boston, from Abington, from Plymouth, Hingham, and all the towns between, from Brookline, Canton, and throughout Norfolk county,—for invigorating social intercourse and anti-slavery co-operation.

The Ladies-Managers are in correspondence with elegant and distinguished friends in the East, far and near, with the prospect of being able confidently to invite their friends to a festival of the mind and heart as well as to a series of social meetings for rest and amusement.

Admission to the Fair, 25 cents. Tea-Party, 50 " Social Dancing Party, 50 "

Weymouth, Oct. 5, 1859.

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO LABOR.

MRS. DALL'S LECTURES. MERCANTILE HALL. Mrs. Dall will deliver a course of Lectures at Mercantile Hall, Summer street, on three successive Monday evenings, to commence

MONDAY, Nov. 7, at half-past 7 o'clock.

Nov. 7.—Low Wages and Hard Work. Condition of women employed in shop-work. Way of safety, honorable independence. Dress-makers and governesses. Mayhew's Letters. Noble women among the fallen. Women never forbidden to labor, only ladies. Historical argument. Unhealthiness of French factory labor. Women sold as 'beasts of burden' in England. Metal workers. An absurd fiction in the statement that all men support all women.

Nov. 14. Practical opposition, and the work now open. Advocates already open. False ideas of society keep respectable women out of them. Practical opposition not ended. Penn. Medical Society. Census of Great Britain and the United States. Nantucket. Dr. Franklin's sister-in-law. Olive Root, Baron Tottier and Felicie de Fauveux.

Nov. 21. New law to be done in Boston. Drowning of Daughters. New means to prevent it. Medical specialties. Dr. Heidenreich, Marian, the Bible woman. Training School for Servants. Knitting factory, &c. &c. Mr. Buckle's position to be quoted on the matter. A Labor Exchange. Will you tread out the nettle?

There will be no tickets. Editors, Reporters, Clergymen and other lecturers will find free admission. Single admission 25 cts. Doors open at half-past 6 o'clock.

THE ORIGIN OF MANKIND.

One First Pair, or Many? Dr. Wm. Symington Brown has prepared a Lecture on the above subject, to which he would direct the attention of Liberal Committees. This Lecture embraces a fair statement of the pros and cons, with the results of recent investigations. It is presented in a simple and forcible manner, and is well calculated to settle the question.

Address, Wm. Symington Brown, M. D., 15 Congress street, Boston.

WORCESTER COUNTY SOUTH ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—A special meeting of the Worcester County South Division Anti-Slavery Society will be held in WORCESTER, at BRINLEY HALL, on Sunday, October 23d, commencing at half-past 10 o'clock, A. M., and continuing afternoon and evening.

A general attendance of the members is particularly requested; and all friends of freedom are invited to attend.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison and other speakers will be present. WILLIAM A. WILSON, Secretary.

ANDREW T. FOSS, an Agent of the Massachusetts A. S. Society, will speak at Milford, N. H. Sunday, day & eve, Oct. 9. East Wilton, " Tuesday eve, " 11. Amherst, " Wednesday, " 12.

WORCESTER NORTH.—The Worcester North A. S. Society will hold a quarterly meeting at East Princeton, Sunday, Oct. 16. Andrew T. Foss and SAMUEL MAY, JR., will attend in behalf of the Massachusetts A. S. Society. Per order.

PRINCETON.—Mr. Foss and Mr. May will speak at the Town Hall in Princeton, Saturday evening, Oct. 15.

A MASS MEETING will be held at Faneuil Hall, on Monday evening, Oct. 10, 1859, at half-past 7 o'clock, to further the efforts now in progress to secure the true welfare of the Indians of our country. The justice of the cause is appealed to, and the humanity of the man, to aid by their presence and approval this object. Many eminent clergymen, and citizens of distinction, have promised to be present, and aid by their advocacy on this occasion. Seats will be reserved for ladies until half-past 7.

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In



## POETRY.

## THE LIBERATOR.

AN ACROSTIC.

Thou wast, like Jesus, born amidst poverty;  
Hast sought, like Him, the world from sin to free;  
Endured those crosses—like Him, despised the shame;  
In Church and State, sinners in places high,  
By these rebuked, have sought to crucify;  
Each in his turn at length has quit the field—  
Round these the Almighty arms have been to shield.  
A crown awaits thee, when thy work is done,  
That shall in splendor far outshine the sun:  
On the great day of final, just award,  
Receive the plaudit, 'FAITHFUL OF THE LORD.'

Boston, Sept. 20, 1859.

JUSTITIA.

## For the Liberator.

## HON. DANIEL WEBSTER.

AN ACROSTIC.

He had a manly form as e'er we find;  
One scarcely in an age has such a mind:  
Nature to him did special favor show,  
Dealt him such gifts as few men ever know.  
Ambitious, power and place he sought to gain,  
Nor scrupled how his end he might attain:  
In base servitude to men he bowed,  
Evoked the tyrant's smile—allegiance vowed.  
Last in the drama of a lengthened life,  
With human freedom he waged open strife,  
Entered the field against Truth's scattered host,  
But soon discovered all his hopes were lost.  
Such defeat he never knew before;  
Too much to bear, he grieved his nature sore—  
Enfeebled, broken-hearted, home he bled,  
Received the wages of his sin—and died!

Boston, Sept. 24, 1859.

JUSTITIA.

## From the Christian Inquirer.

## DEERFIELD.

BY C. H. D.

A street that stretches a mile or more  
Under the elm-trees' shade,  
In cloister arches of holy green  
And maple-leaves arrayed.  
Just in the centre, the village inn,  
And a square of tender grass,  
The arches broken, that rounded heads  
Of butternuts may pass!  
The houses quaint, and dim, and old,  
With forms two centuries gone,  
Are close together along the street—  
Strange things have they looked upon!  
Only a garden tells how fair  
The farm's broad acres be,  
That slope away to the river's brim,  
Out of sight of you and me.  
The grassy sward stretches over the street,  
Grows thick, and short, and green;  
A narrow track is the dusty line  
Where the wheels' faint marks are seen.  
The hanging trees are very old,  
And the maple shade is black;  
And northward and southward the meadows bear  
The sunshine's burning rack.

Billowy hills shut in the view,  
Shrouded with purple and gray;  
And amethystine hues prevail  
Where twilight falls on day.  
Plaided with yellow, blue, and brown,  
Press'd by the heavy rain,  
Cooled by the breezes that wave the corn,  
Or tussle the ripened grain;  
Shaded by elms with drooping arms,  
The nurses of all the vale,  
Inlaid with flowers, and flecked by clouds  
That over the azure sail.  
The meadows tell not the tales of old;  
As they loiter beneath Pine Hill,  
In bountiful promise they drink the light,  
And hoard their harvests still.  
Lazily mowed the river along,  
Sparkle the barren sands;  
Speak, O wave, and tell the tale  
That haunts these houses and lands!

Beauty, you come; but only where  
Blood hath been long before;  
Sunlight, you gather your ripened sheaves  
Where death once stood in the door.  
Many a snow-bank piled the plain,  
And banners of crimson swept  
Along the blue of the winter sky,  
When houseless women wept.  
Anemones budded, and violets peeped  
All through the blood-stained soil;  
They wrote their lesson of holy trust,  
And prospered the planter's toil.  
The summer mellowed under the hill,  
Nor whispered of love or pain;  
And when grapes hung in the autumn air,  
The spoiler was out again.

Under high noon he clutched his prey;  
And still the children look,  
With longing eyes, for the very grapes  
That clustered at Bloody Brook.  
A woman's love for the fair and sweet,  
The lovely maiden land!  
But a man's brave cheer for the true and meet,  
Who fell by the dusky hand!

Hold their records a solemn trust—  
Not a whisper call the page!  
'Death, and famine, and scouring flame,'  
Their prayerful souls engage.  
They fenced their lands, they built their barns,  
They trusted in strength and God;  
But not a wasted word betrays  
That they flinched beneath the rod!

Men of Deerfield! we honor first  
Your brave old hearts and true,  
Clothed with a tender charm for us  
Than your meadows wet with dew.  
Bradford street, Boston, Mass.

## THE WORD.

O, Word that broke the stillness first,  
Sound on it! and never cease,  
Till all earth's darkness be made light,  
And all her discord cease;  
Till wail of woe, and clank of chain,  
And bruit of battle still;  
The world, with thy great music's pulse,  
O, Word of Love! be thrilled;  
Till selfishness, and strife, and wrong,  
Thy summons shall have heard;  
And thy creation be complete,  
O thou Eternal Word!

## A GRAIN OF MUSK.

I dropped a single grain of musk  
A moment in my room;  
When years rolled by, the chamber still  
Retained the same perfume.  
So every deed approved of God,  
Where'er its lot be cast,  
Leaves some good influence behind,  
That shall forever last.

## THE LIBERATOR.

## THE TIMES AND THE MEN.

## A SERMON.

Preached September 18th, 1859, by SAMUEL JOHNSON, Minister of the Free Church at Lynn, Mass.

II. Exodus vi. 2, 3. "Be of good comfort, and fear not. And hasten not after the times that are past, to think vain things; that thou may'st not hasten from the latter times."

To-day we shall consider some of the Signs of the Times, with special reference to Representative Persons, who, either by life or death, have been brought into prominence before us during the past few months.

In estimating the tendencies of an age or a people, we have exceeding need of that rare wisdom which judges not according to the appearance. If we look only at the visible expression of public sentiment, even in the most advanced communities, we shall surely despair of Man's future. Take our own Massachusetts—even now, as at the beginning, fertile in great Ideas and great Men; still, beyond question, educationally, morally, theologically, the Nation's Teacher, to us almost the World's Hope. If our democratic philosophy could not go behind the record of the people's acts, to read a finer hand-writing in their substantial purpose, the prospect would be appalling. For what a spectacle have we before us to-day! A State, upon the perilous path of self-government, following the timid refusal to protect her own citizens from the kidnapper, by the bestowal of almost divine honors on men whose parhizical hands have fallen heavily upon her morals and her liberties;—now setting up a votive statue, and now pouring out fulsome funeral eulogies, in homage to names identified with moral treason in the Senate, and unscrupulous advocacy at the bar—holding up to the imitation of her young men, as models in every republican and Christian virtue, the great lawyers whose careers, beginning in the fair disciplines bequeathed by the Puritan to his descendants, have ended in the lap of our American Delilah; who, in the interest of Slavery, have gone up and down, assailing with atheistic sarcasms the popular instincts of Justice and Mercy, or turning the Declaration of Independence into a by-word of scorn; who, at the moment when the Federal Government became identical with Centralized Despotism, and cast ominous shadows over all our free institutions, dropped the precious ark of State sovereignty, and fled into the camp of its deadly foes. In what words shall we utter the infatuation, the shamelessness of such obligations? Is then the demoralized State demoralized also? Is it at the mercy of every brilliant speaker, of every powerful magnetizer of men's minds, swayed by lip or eye, whether it knows not, or cares not, so it obey the manipulations of some stronger will? Does it recognise no other interest in the wounds of its own conscience and its own liberty, than that of ignoring them as of no moment; nay, rather of opening them wider and deeper by those bad idolatries which wait on death itself, to forbid its slow, sure healing of the great public mischiefs inflicted by perversion of genius and power? Has it then learned so thoroughly the art of suborning for the perpetration of the evil in men's lives, even that mysterious change, which awaking, we may hope, in the offender some longing to atone for the harmfulness of his life, at last to stay its further increase, would make him grateful for severest criticism, and only mortified and maddened by these base flatteries, as by the scourges of his retribution? And have we learned to defend this art of wronging alike the living and the dead, to the extent of denouncing all honest interference therewith, in the name of 'charity,' and of the 'sanctities of the grave'? Has charity to be a cover for the debasement of the living? Has the grave sanctity, in order that youth and manhood may have no protection from the corrupt examples of the men they are taught to idolize? The indignities offered by these men to what is dearest and best in our New England convictions—their praise of a religion which had no word of slave for sympathy—their grand revellings of a Conscience which commands disobedience to wicked legislation, in the name of God's Higher Laws—these are no objects, nay, are the very furtherances and special recommendations of them with many, to these public honors! I will not believe it is so with the people, in their hearts. But shall we dare to pretend that it is not so in the public manifestations of feeling, in the acts of the State?

Where is the just self-respect of the community, where the becoming resentment, in view of these indignities? And which is worse, to make light of them as offering no occasion for earnestness of feeling, or to praise them as patriotism and piety, with faces upturned to Heaven? Is it thus that we are preparing our children for the coming conflict in this day of the Lord?

Or is all this adulation a face simply, the people knowing well how poor an honor is one of their votive statues or funeral pomp? Is it a mere creature of the natural craving for excitement, meaning no more than any other public rout or show? An alternative, surely, that lessens neither the danger nor the guilt.

And in the midst of these orations to men who have brought shame on the State, who have given every year into more bitter persecutions of those free principles which are her glory, the life of one of her noblest Benefactors passes away—a life crowded with toil and sacrifices in her service, and crowned with peaceful achievements, in which, if in anything, her name will live hereafter. It passes away so silently that it seems, at first, as if the event had scarcely attracted the public eye. The State, that owes this life a debt never to be cancelled while time shall last, gives no sign of recognition. The people do not gather in public halls, and call on their leaders to proclaim the general grief. Where is the tribute that should spring to every tongue? For the apostle of Common School Education in America; for the vigilant guardian of Liberty in all forms, civil, political, religious; for the swift and strong witness against bigotry in the Church, and cruelty in the School, against every superstition and every vice that threatened the highest welfare of the young; for the ardent believer in their instincts of honor, and their impressibility by the noblest motives; for the unvaried advocate of Temperance, whose life of amazing toil and endurance enforced beyond cavil the creed he taught; for the public officer, who, almost unaided, aroused the State from utter apathy to a lively interest in popular education; who set forth the divine authority of the physical and moral laws, and the inevitable consequences of their penalties, with a simplicity and eloquence which gave them at once a new meaning for the public conscience, and secured them an ever-increasing recognition in our educational systems; who dared to show the Teachers and Town Committees their short-comings,—and to insist upon stricter examinations and fairer conditions, as well as more rational methods of teaching,—and to do justice to those European systems which were capable of affording us useful suggestions,—and to gather into his single breast the empyrean of all the sciences and faculties to whom these things were an offence, and their name was Legion;—for the martyr spirit, who, when the principles for which he had contended in Massachusetts were substantially accepted and embodied in her schools, devoted his declining years, and all his slender means, to the performance of a like service for the great West,—there sustaining, through unpeppable difficulties, pecuniary and other, where the world can know only the least portion, an Institution of Learning, in which the sexes should have equal opportunities for advanced culture, and sectarianism

be unknown,—there dying at last in the harness, overborne by anxieties and toils, yet not till the victory was complete;—for such a public servant, faithful not in few things, but in many, and whose the most momentous, leaving behind him a line of monuments along all the highways of national good, and each inscribed to universal humanity,—leaving behind him a name, before which the generations of American children, as they ripen to manhood and womanhood, shall rise up, and call it blessed—the State of Massachusetts has no votive statue, no funeral pomp. What is done in his honor must be done as yet by private affection, by individual endeavor. The statue of the great man whose apostasy he had the valor to rebuke is throned in front of the Capitol with official applause, while his reward is—silence!

I do not mean to excuse the shameful silence of this, when I say that I will not judge the inmost hearts of the people by such appearances. The very depth of this silence admonishes me that it means something more than indifference. I cannot but see in it some recognition of a merit which neither needs nor is honored by these cheap displays. I cannot help gathering from it confirmation of the belief that you must look beneath the surface to find what is in the heart and conscience of the people. I do not know how much actual appreciation they have of the services rendered them by Horace Mann. But I am sure that what they have, lies sealed up in fountains, to which the blind guides, the political and literary managers, who control this whole matter of public tributes and testimonials, have no access. Not under their auspices can there be any expression of such genuine emotions. These must continue silent in all such public demonstrations, until the people get courage to speak their true instincts and nearer experiences to each other, undeterred by mutual distrust, or blind idolatries, or mean and selfish interests. Meantime, the leaven cast by him whose true self-aggrandizement into this unexpressed, half-unconscious life, works on unseen. And, by and by, upriser the great secret that has lain heavy on the heart, and finds vent to the confusion of the blind guides, political and literary, and the managers of these public shows generally.

Great revolutions, bursting out in an hour, overturning royal thrones upon which the masses had just before seemed to feed content, come of such secrets long unspoken. Under free institutions, the moment of utterance is not so long delayed—the leaven of noble Utilities works more freely; first, unappreciated, blessing the people they know not whence; next, approving these to their consciences, so that they look around for their benefactors; and then quickening them to grateful recognition and undying praise of names whose reward had been only silence,—the silence of a progress—sure as the springing of the seed.

Whatever points to public good, points to public appreciation. The day of ignorance, delusion, interests misunderstood, good instincts stifled, of blind fascinations, of evil counsels, and of diabolical manipulations goes by, and what was meant to cheer and dignify the common life is seen to have been working to that end through all its martyr age, since some fondling enthusiast laid down his life in its service, finding therein his sole reward. Blindest of men is he who thinks that, because it finds no organized expression, being buried out of sight under a thousand glittering expedients, tricktricks and lies, it is therefore lost or inert. For a people as for a person, there is not only an outer, but an inner life, more or less clear, more or less trusted, more or less honestly followed, but ever open to every word that cometh from the mouth of God. There the vacant chair of a patriot Senator, struck down for his love of the people, speaks louder than a hundred trumpeting eulogies. There the sense of great public benefits unacknowledged, of life-long services unrequited, burns slowly inward, till it takes a noble shape. There has been the confidence of all the great and true ones of the earth. And the hour surely comes, when, on being reminded that, among so many statues, not one had been erected in his honor, he proudly answers, 'I would rather that the Romans should wonder why I had not a statue, than wonder why I had one.' Nor will not a statue, which moves in the light of a popular education, such as Rome never dreamed of, fail of finding the self-respect to bid the image that speaks of his dishonor give place to one which she can erect with pride, and at whose feet she can pledge her children to freedom.

What do we rationally mean by the People in these days? Not a separate class, not a distinct interest, surely; not a fragment of the body politic, to which some other more elevated fragment is to communicate, by measures protective or coercive, the bread of life. We mean nothing less than the Human Mind, the Human Heart itself; Mankind, in its widest scope of capacity and destiny; that Spiritual Essence whereby God speaks and works. And if we speak of the American people, or any other people, it is properly spoken in these days only when we mean thereby the relation of this particular community to Humanity itself, from which its capacity and its destiny cannot be separated. Whoso trusts his best Thought or Act to the people then, trusts it to Humanity—to that common nature from which he received it, and in which alone it has any subsistence. To doubt that a beneficent Idea, or a Life devoted thereto, will fail of its purpose with the people, is to doubt that truth is truth, and that good is good.

None of us will deny these broad and general statements; and being all of us members of the people, we think it a fine matter to be trusted, and an easy matter to trust. But take the sense first given the word, and see how hard it is to find a genuine trust in the people. How the country rings with these jingling counterfeits of democratic zeal! This current faith in the people, what is it but insult, contempt, deceit, spoliation! How common it is! When the smooth-tongued office-holder flatters their prejudices, and takes them to witness the sincerity of his devotion to their interests, he calls it throwing himself into their arms. When the preacher doles out a little truth by piecemeal, mixed with much false flattery, lest it over-stimulate their reason, he calls it dispensing to them the living bread given by a dying Savior for the salvation of their precious souls. When the Expounder of the Constitution would suppress their faith in their own right and power to change the fundamental Law, and bring it nearer Justice, he exclaims, 'Did you not make it, you the people, through your wise fathers? How, then, can it be improved?' And when a political schemer would make them his tools, and move them about between his thumb and finger, does he not raise a pet banner of 'Popular Sovereignty,' and stretch out his hands over their heads, crying, 'No North, no South, no East, no West, only the People?' So Louis Napoleon claims that he has trusted the people. And he did so—to his own keeping. He trusted universal suffrage—to the bayonets of his soldiers, and the vigilance of his police. The thing is hard enough to find, here or in Europe, unless you look where few persons will send you. And yet it is here, in forms as noble, perhaps, as the world ever saw. See this lonely Reformer, working out in patient consecration some great Idea of Education, Liberty, Moral Regeneration among the weak and vicious classes, which the community has not yet learned to appreciate. He rebukes the people; he goads them with perpetual criticism—perhaps he is sometimes too sweeping in his censures, unjust in their intentions, making too little allowance for their circumstances, intolerant perhaps of their slow progress. Yet see how he trusts them! His best thought, his best love, his days and his nights, his strength in life, his prayer in death, are theirs. His wrath and his entreaty alike testify of the strength of that confidence that will not be put by. See you not that if he believed not so utterly in their nature, he would not be so severe a censor of their character?

They are his pride and his prophecy, the procreant soil where no plant of right setting can fail. Truth is a joy to him, as a sign of their capacity to see, and Virtue as the promise of what they can attain. This is trust in the People, and boundless as it is, exhaustive of the man's whole capacity of seeing and attaining, it is never deceived. Its Ideas inevitably grow into Institutions, and its service is crowned with public gratitude and praise.

If you would judge the age and its tendencies, ask what such men as these believe and hope for. Let appearances be what they may, these are the steady fingers that point the way the world is moving. It is not likely we shall soon see a better illustration of this trust in the people than Horace Mann. The short history of Free Institutions records but few that approach it. In the very first of those magnificent reports to the Board of Education, he came out unhesitatingly with his whole educational gospel, holding back not one tithe of the message, for doubt or fear. If you read it carefully, you will find that the great changes which have been wrought in our Public School system during the past twenty years, have merely carried out the ideas and methods proposed in that first frank and trusting confession of Faith. The same singleness of spirit infused into that feeble frame, to which the strictest regimen secured only a moderate measure of health and strength, powers that seem miraculous. Fifteen hours a day of unremitting labor for eleven years, not a day for relaxation, yet not a week's illness in the whole annual visitations of every county in the State for five of those years; examinations, lectures, Teachers' Conventions, literary labors, reports, abstracts of School Returns in six large volumes, Common School Journal in ten volumes, correspondence without end, amounting to much more than all the rest together—such is the record he has left of his labors in the service of the Massachusetts Board of Education, adding naturally enough, that 'there is no end to the labor that can be profitably bestowed upon the application to our school system of the immortal principles of human culture.' At Antioch, past three score years of age, his trials and cares were, if possible, greater still, growing and growing, until the flesh proved too weak to be upheld any longer by the spirit's will. Yet no complaint passed his lips. He knew well from the beginning what was involved in this great cause of the people. He had counted the cost of it, and he rejoiced and trusted in it to the end. In the light of this entire consecration, the faults men lay to his charge grow insignificant indeed. If there was something of acrimony in his personal controversies, let the ardor of his temperament be remembered, and the fervor of his zeal for righteousness; also the greatness of the provocation. Daniel Webster and the thirty Boston school-masters were no light vexations. In his discussion with Wendell Phillips upon the voting question, he seemed to me to evade the point at issue from beginning to end. But who, without something of sophistry, could defend the American voter's oath to a Constitution which forbids private interpretation, yet which, except on his own interpretation, he does not mean to support? Whatever I may think of his argument, I cannot doubt that it was honestly urged. In warnings and counsels to young men he was more at home; and how impressively he set before them their special temptations and duties, and bade them 'orient themselves' at the starting-point before God, their consciences and the world! And what enemy of their welfare did he leave unpunished, what means for their advancement in true manliness did he not spring to aid? A life of genuine chivalry, the Christian knighthood of the Nineteenth Century, stainless and steadfast to its baptismal vows.

This life has passed—in silence; surely fittest, amidst these noisy pretences of sorrow for those who loved mankind so little, themselves so much. The funeral pageant, steeped as it is in debasement, may well be dispensed with; but in that kind of success it pursued, what life has had larger or speedier harvest? He saw them waving over all the hills and shores of Massachusetts, when he went out from his home in the evening of his days to sow new fields with the time's best seed, where none but he could do it justice. His Ideas are Institutions. The great highway he laid out so patiently and painfully is beaten hard and smooth, and all men press into it. And swiftly shall they pass over it to those mightier and more radical revolutions for which our Prophets of Liberty are toiling, under more bitter opprobrium and heavier discouragements than even he had to sustain. Surely this is an admonition to judge the age by those whose look is forward, not backward, by those who put the fullest faith in the people, and call them to the worst tasks.

And somewhat similar reflections are suggested by the recent Letter of Theodore Parker to his Congregation, detailing his 'Experience as a Minister and a Man'—perhaps as complete an instance, both in substance and form, of this entire confidence in the people, as can be found in history. It lays before us, in simple earnest, a nature that seems to have been unable to separate itself, or any of its experiences, from the common mind and the common interests; living for practical applications and generous communications of Truth; searching the heights and depths of knowledge with steadfast purpose to put all universal into forms of goodness, and all faculties to universal use; so carrying up this fellowship with man into its communion with God, that piety without humanity became to it the contradiction in terms—giving of its fulness without stint, and knowing no greater sin than to withhold—a life consecrated to this mediatorial function with the people, if I may so call it, and marvellously successful therein. It has encountered, in that fidelity which was its pure necessity, every stumbling-block, bar and drag-weight that men of old or new time have put in the way of this free communication between man and God, and between man and man. It has gone up and down like lightning through all the passages, with full consciousness of its commission to clear the way. And so he, whose instincts were so largely constructive, has performed before had heretofore, archimedes, bringing every stone of peace back to a sword. The straightforward story of these experiences, related in a tone, it seems to me, of rare sweetness and entire fairness, has stirred up, especially among those whose bigotry it reports, the old charges of a scornful, bitter and denunciatory spirit. They come with an ill grace either from men who loathe fashionable pulpits, preaching smooth things, or from men who praise the anathemas of Luther, and those scathing rebukes of Jesus, of which Mr. Parker's strongest words are but a dilution. They come with an ill grace from those who, however well-disposed, know nothing of the heat of a Reformer's conflict. But whatever criticism may be passed upon his methods, by friend or foe, at least let their root be recognized in an honest purpose and a noble love for God and man, which, if it be not the Christianity of the New England, is at least the Christianity of Jesus. If he is somewhat largely 'dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,' let him take note also of what perhaps will help explain them, 'the love of love.' Sure it is, that the very least part of his work has been negative, and his chief honor is, that he knew how to pull down a false foundation without offering a new one in its place. Mythology shall stand aside, only to reveal the universal miracle of Law. And faith in a so-called supernatural, or rather a preternatural revelation shall give way, only that man may trust the institutions of his spiritual nature as perpetual revelations, and substitute rock foundations for quick-sands and shoals. The hateful Jehovah shall go down, and that the loving Father may enter and dwell in his children's hearts. Of all men in this age, this one has been the preacher of Positive Piety and Positive Morality; probably, preacher also of a larger body of Positive Theological Truth than has been heretofore dispensed to the people from any pulpit. And while deal-

ing with Slavery in the most revolutionary and destructive spirit, no radical has ever set forth more persuasively than he the constructive principles of Freedom. Here also has been, as in the life I spoke of first, intense concentration, inconceivable toil, resulting as it must, in dangerous prostration, which lately sent much fear and sorrow to all hearts that look for the regeneration of the age. Here, in fine, has been manifold illustration, both in spirit, position and work, of that genuine Individualism which is the starting-point of culture and communion, and which must lay the corner-stones of Church and State, in men and women who dare to find their functions, and fulfill them with freedom.

Here, then, is another of those large believers in the people, of whom I said you must find in their aims the key to the real tendencies of the age. And it is not set so here also: All the significant currents set in this direction. The depth and breadth of the direct influence exerted by Mr. Parker, and by many of those, out of the pulpit as well as in it, who substantially coincide with him in their method of inquiry; the rapidity with which the people are breaking away from theological bondage; the disintegration of sects, now generally admitted with much moaning and nervous shuddering on the part of their several acolytes and sentinels; the increasing audacity of free inquiry, and its often wild negations, which are but reactions upon blind, authoritative belief; the 'suppose of faith,' in which it appears all more intellectualism, all less dilettantism in the more advanced bodies hangs bewildered; the evil repute under which the outward institutions of religion are lying, and the flight of the people from them; and the earnest endeavors, of whatever degree of wisdom, to establish new centres of free and living growth; and better than all, the confident onward looking of consecrated hearts and wills, through all these temporary tendencies, to the opening of a new day of Inspiration, that shall make its own gospel, purifying and expanding all past ones, out of its own yearnings and needs, out of its scholarship and its science, out of its humanities and its adorations, out of whatever word for the hour, shall come from the living God. Surely, here are sufficiently plain intimations of the way the age is set to walk in.

(The remainder of this able discourse relates to the Rev. Dr. Bellows and his 'Broad Church' Sermon, for which see our third page, inside.)—Ed. Lib.

## From the Temperance Alliance.

## PERSONALITIES.

A new chapter has been added to the book of lamentations since a distinguished scholar and orator of the State, a man of letters and of the right of learned and distinguished citizens,—having an official connection with some of our most cherished institutions,—to wound, by their pernicious example, the great social reform of the age. 'It will never do, sir,' said a citizen of Boston, to an agent of the State Temperance Alliance, 'Boston will neither aid nor sanction your movements while you allow yourselves to deal in personalities, and attack some of the greatest and best men of the age.' 'But what are we to do, sir,' asked the agent, 'when we find that the social drinking habits are being restored, and that the influence and example of our officials and scholars are contributing so to fatal a result?' 'Why, you must argue the question on general principles; but it will never do, sir, to attack our best men.' Yes, that is the calm conclusion of men who will not lift a finger to remove the curse of drunkenness from a drunken and suffering community. We may go on and wear ourselves out in that service. We must contribute our time, and money, and heart's best and truest sympathies in a ceaseless war with a gigantic evil,—not an evil sent upon us in the mysterious providence of God, like the whirlwind, earthquake, or pestilence, and so far as we can see, disconnected with human agency,—but an evil created by the wickedness and thoughtlessness of men around us; and when great and otherwise good men throw obstacles across our path more potent than any others we have to contend with, we must be content to argue the question on general principles. Such a tame and suicidal course is never demanded of any other class of men but temperance reformers. Now we tell the world, once for all, we will not in that particular be guided by the counsel of our opponents, or men wickedly indifferent to the claims of the temperance enterprise. We shall not violate knowingly the courtesies of life. If gentlemen, senators, members of congress, judges, literary gentlemen, or a rare member of the clerical profession, choose to set wine or liquors on their own tables, and then with friends or their own families choose to muddle their fine brains with those poisons, we shall not invade the privacy of their homes to learn or make public the shameful fact; but whenever any of all these shall wound our cause by giving our enemies the aid of their example, at public tables or on public occasions, we admonish all parties that we will tell the shameful story, and in connection with the names of the parties, detailing his 'Experience as a Minister and a Man'—perhaps as complete an instance, both in substance and form, of this entire confidence in the people, as can be found in history. 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A party of colored persons numbering twenty-one, which recently emigrated to Liberia from Boston the accompanying fever, the names of the deceased were Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Lewis, Mr. Oliver, wife and daughter, an entire family, Mr. Sylvester, wife and daughter, a young man, and a young woman, and Mary E. Lewis. The same vessel which carried the above party, also took twenty emigrants from South-eastern States, among whom there had been but two deaths, one a decrepit female, and the other a child. This difference in mortality is ascribed to the efficiency of the physician employed by the Boston company.

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